type yet constructed in this country. The Indiana, the Massachusetts, and the Oregon are vessels of great and in some respects unequalled efficiency; yet they have their drawbacks. A modern line-of-battle ship must be a compromise between the highest possible developments of certain desirable qualities, chief among which are speed, armor protection, battery power, and radius of action. In our three largest battle ships the ment, rather than toward speed and coal-carrying capacity. In the tremendous weight of projectiles they can throw at a single discharge these vessels surpass any now affoat any navy, while their enormous thickness

of nickel-steel armor furnishes them extraordinary protection. On the other hand, they are planned for a speed of only 16 knots at the maximum, whereas the eight great British battle ships of 14,150 tons each are to have 17% knots, and the Royal Sovereign has actually reached 18. The Bar-Seur and Centurion, which are close upon the displacement of our three vessels, also have ahips, of 11,000 to 12,000 tons, are to reach the same speed. As to coal capacity, the Royal Bovereign class carries 900 tons in bunkers, and can steam 5,000 nautical miles at 10 knots per hour; the Barfleur carries 750 ton-, and can steam 8,000 knots; but our Indiana. Massachusetts, and Oregon carry only 400 tons in the bunkers, and can steam only 3,000. Thus while in armor and battery power they exceed the British battle ships, they fall short in speed and radius of action. The criticism upor

while in armor and battery power they exceed and radius of action. The criticism upon them in this respect is forestalled somewhat by describing them as "coast defence battle ships," thus implying that they are not intended for long-distance cruising; but it is evident that if to their other good qualities greater-speed and coal-carrying capacity could be added, it would be a gain; and this is understood to be the aim in the new plans.

As a basis for this improvement the displacement of the the new battle ship, instead of being 10,231 tons, as in the Oregon, may be made about 1,000 tons greater. Them, as a direct result of the important armor trials recently had at Indian Head and South Bottheheam, it is thought that the thickness of the armor can be somewhat reduced, while keeping out hostile shot as effectually as was intended in planning the armor of the Indiana and Organ. The gratifying result of these trials, in which the 10-inch Harveyel nickel-steel plate allowed only three or four inches of penetration, in one instance, to any of the 8-inch projectiles, suggests that it is not necessary to repeat the present battle ship armor of 18 inches on the boit and 17 inches on the turret. But any reduction in the weight of the armor, since no heavier battery is needed, will permit more poworful machinery and increased speed, together with a much enlarged coal capacity. While the details are not settled, it is believed that the lumper capacity can be nearly doubled, and that the sheep and the armored cruiser, will give plonty of leevay for larger vessels. As to the battle ship and the armored cruiser, will give plonty of leevay for larger vessels. As to the battle ship and the armored cruiser, will give plonty of leevay for larger vessels. As to the hattery, it has been suggest at the in place of 13 inch guns only 12-inch, at the aximum, need to carried; but a safer course, instead of a reduction in the maximum calibre, may be that of d scarding the tinch guns. Cans leaving the battery to consist of 13-inch and 8

The two new ships will unquestionably sig-nalize the advance of American naval con-

THE VACATION OF AN EMPEROR. Where Austria's Unhappy Ruler Seeks Rec-

VIENNA, Aug. 23.-Only a few ago days the Emperor Francis Joseph-whom it is difficult to think of otherwise than as still young-completed his 62d year. All his habits are those of hale and virile manhood, and were it not for the invincible sadness that he hardly ever can conceal, were he not incessantly pursued by the harrowing memories of the catastrophe of Meyerling, he would in appearance and manner give no clue to his real age. Never shirking any of the duties or obligations of his vast empire only one spot where seems to breathe more freely-Ischl, where he as usual, spent his birthday. and where he received the loyal demonstrations of respect and affection not only of his family but of his subjects. His residence at Tachl is uppretendingly called the "Imperial Villa," and, indeed, it is so unpretentious as to be barely distinguishable from the other country houses that surround it, which belong to the Viennese aristocracy. The villa consists of several irregular buildings capriclously joined together by passages and balconies; it has terraces and a tower from which floats the flag of the Emperor when he is in residence: but even that is hardly a distinctive sign. as all the other villas sport the ensign of their owners, and the only difference is in

the colors of the standard. The Emperor's tastes are almost Spartan in their austore simplicity. He constitutionally abhors display; he leads a soldier's life wherever he is: always wears uniform: surrounds mself with the smallest possible retinue. and has but one onssion-shooting and hunting. In the gratification of this passion lies the great attraction of Ischl, which is situated in upper Austria, between Salzburg and Gmanden. The mountains that surround the valley are lofty, steep, thickly wooded at their

base, and abound in game.

The Emperor rises at 2 A. M., so as to be at the appointed and most favorable spot at sun-(the grouse of the country) can be successfully shot. He has with him only two Generals, Count Paar and Gen. Bolfias, who, with three other aides-de-camp, are alternately on duty. The Ministers of State rarely come to hi, but the Empress, who travels the greater part of the year, always joins the Emperor some time in August to be present on his irthday. All the guests are sportsmen; the habitues being the Grand Duke of Tuecany. the Archduke Francis Salvator, son-in-law of the sovereign, who resides at Gmunden, and en. de la Tour, formerly attached to the suite

the late Archduke Rudolf. The villa is the private property of the Emporor, and was built by his father. He leaves it at the end of August, ordinarily to be present at the grand man ruyres, which this year were to have taken place in Hungary. which he countermanded on account of the exsessive heat. At the conclusion of the manceuvros he returns to Vienna until October, when he takes up his residence in Buda Peath, returning to the Austrian capital in November, not to leave it again till May or

Jane, when he goes to Schoenbrunn. With the exception of the King of Italy. Francis Joseph is the monarch who owns the entest number of imperial or royal resiencos. He has besides the palaces of Vienna those of Schoonbrunn in the immediate vicinity. Laxonburg between Vienna and Neustadt. Hetzendorf in that city, Godollo in Hungary, the castles of Buda Pesth, Prague, and alzburg-the latter ceded to the Grand Duke of Tuscany-Helibrup and Innspruck. Ambras and Miramar near Prieste, once the property of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian. of these cables are built in the style of Marie Therese, a bastard Louis XV., often termed the Jesuit style, because so many of the

The castle of Buda Pesth is termed royal. here the Emperor becomes King, and is mense building erected on an eminence, and director of the Foreign Office Bureau and the propounded by butwarks and campart like a | a des de-camp who always accompany him on

fortress. The view from the heights is superb. It is there that Francis Joseph holds his cour s King of Hungary, presides over the Austro-Hungarian delegations that meet alternately at Buda Peath and Vienna for the deliberation of the war budget and the foreign question that concern both States. There, also, the affairs of Bosnia and Herzegovina are treated. these provinces having belonged to the empire since 1876.

This official life, the receptions, the constant discussions between the representatives of the two races, weary the Emperor, but he has too high a sense of duty to allow his fatigue to become visible, and is ever affable and attentive In Hungary he speaks only Hungarian. He is thoroughly conversant with every language of his empire, including Czeck, Polish, and Italian. The Hungarians would fain keep him longer among them, and it is as a compensation for the enforced brevity of his stay that the Empress generally accompanied him and entertains officially, seeking, however, as often as she can the quiet of her favorite Godollo-a pretty house painted yellow, with green shutters half hidden among big trees.

within an easy drive of Euda Pesth. Schoenbrunn is as marvellously beautiful as some of the other residences are unostentatiously simple: it is invested with the pathetic interest attached to Napoleon's young son. who lingared there during the melancholy years of his exile. The palace somewhat re-sembles that of Compiègne, but with more color on its broad façades. Splendid avenues radiating through the woods open leafy perspec: ives on the lovely country beyond. High above the sweeping lawns behind the palace stands a large triumphal arch, which, visible at a great distance, seems at times like a poised aerial crown. The River Wien flows at the foot of the court of honor and adds to the picturesqueness of the scene. If not actually the largest, it is internally the finest of the imperial residences, and it is there that the Emperor receives the sovereigns who visit him. Napoleon inhabited it for a brief time as a conqueror, unwitting of the fate of his only heir, on whom he had conferred the name of King of Rome, a title taken from the House of Austria, whose hereditary Princes were kings of the Romans.

At Schoenbrunn the Emperor rises at 5, an hour earlier than in Vienna. As soon as he is dressed he begins to work, reading his despatches, reports, and petitions. At 9 he takes a light breakfast, after which he drives despatches, reports, and petitions. At 1) he takes a light breakfast, after which he drives to Vienna, covering the distance in thirty minutes with his fast horses. At the Hofburg he receives the Ministers, lunches, and returns to Schoenbrunn about 3. The dinner hour is 5. A walk in the park occupies the heginning of the evening, and except on special occasions the Emperor retires to rest between 0 and 10. Singularly enough the Emperors of Austria are nine times king; they have retained among their titles those of king of Jerusalem. Duke of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscanr, of Modena, Parma, Piacenza, Guastala, and of Grand Voivode of Serbia. The whole of Austrian history and tradition, its record and glory, are comprised in this juxtaposition of titles. Still it is now an accepted fact that the motley parts of the great empire, with their distinctive traits of race and character, are only kept together by the potent moral influence and authority of the sovereign. If the House of Austria were to disappear, the empire would crumule away at once.

The immediate family of Francis Joseph consists at present only of his two daughters and the little girl of the late Archduke Rudolf; but the house of Hausburg counts sixty archdukes and archduchesses without including the princes and princesses allied to it by marriage, who are so numeroug that the largest of the imperial palaces would be far too small to accommodate them and their suites.

M. DE S.

SOME TRAITS OF WILLIAM IL. A Fearless Man of Kingly Dignity Who De-

lighte in Daring Sports. BERLIN, Aug. 18.-Once again on his return to Berlin has the Emperor held one of those magnificent reviews that are the joy of his heart and the pride of the German fatherland. Superbly mounted, marrial and commanding. he rode over the vast field of the Tempelhof. and the sight that met his keen and searching gaze was one of dazzling brilliancy, not excluding, however, a sound, workmanlike, imosing solidity and strength. With the considerate kindness that marks all his dealings with his people—a kindness inherited from his into consideration the excessive heat and its trying effect on the men. considerably curtailed the proceedings, and dismissed the troops after only one march past. He was enthusiastically cheered on his arrival, his departure, and all along the route from the Tempelhof to the palace, lined with countless spectators under the scorching August sun. He looked well, and much bronzed, the result, probably, of his yachting at Cowes, where he exalted position, there is yet in refused to sleep elsewhere than on the Moteor. Like all the Hohenzollerns, William II, is devoted to the army; but he has an equal fondness for the sea and a decided partiality for sailing vessels. With his brother, Prince Henry, he often starts for short trips and the handles his boat with extraordinary skill and boldness. His own yacht-formerly Thistle, now the Meteor-is registered at 116 tons, while Prince Henry's, named the Irene, after his wife, is one of forty tons only. The war frigate Kalser Adler carries the Em-

peror on his longer voyages.
It is well known that William IL not only enjoys the excitement of danger, but even courts it: he likes to show that he is inaccessible to fear, and perhaps on account of a certain fatalism in his nature, counted with an exalted, almost mystic consciousness of the sacredness of his mission as one of "the anointed of the Lord." considers himself spocially guarded in peril. There is little doubt that this high feeling of the dignity of monarchs has restrained him on many occasions. and prevented him even in early manhood from yielding to the temptations or fall into the regrattable errors that have discredited other royal persons and lowered them and their rank in the eyes of subjects and the world. The Prussian kings have been in the past soldiers, and soldiers only, dreaming of con-quests, ignoring diplomatic manouvres, and placing might before right. William is also a soldier king, but like Napoleon L he has a

wider range of vision, and considers no subject unworthy of his attention. With the ardent aspirations of youthful energy and ambition, he conceives that he can attend to all. His predecessors took small heed of their country or city residences. Frederick, it is true, created Potsdam, with the vague idea of emulating Versailles, but in reality founded more a military camp than a royal palace or 'villegiature," although it was decorated chiefly by French artists. Potsdam was not much inhabited then. Later on Frederick II. died there. William I. visited it hurriedly and briefly, preferring Baden Baden, where he ived most unostentatiously, taking his daily walks with only one aide-de-camp, bowing to the ladies, and engaging in conversation with any one who seemed to wish it. William II. has converted several of the scattered princely abodes of the locality into elegant and comfortable residences, but although the Empress and her children spend much of their time in one or the other of them, the Emperor seems to care little for the sylvan groves. the beautiful gardens, or the broad waters of this lovely Berlin suburb. The monotony of the country oppresses, the inactivity wearles him, and he promptly exchanges it for one of inspection of some fortress or university, or several days' hard study in the austere rooms of an old schloss. He shoots, hunts, and fishes with equal arder, but always pursues big game; his last capture was a whate, and he was boyishly pleased with his success. When on board he is as active as on land. If within reach, steamers specially chartered come alongside every other day to bring to his yacht the latest offlcial bulletins, reports from the State Departments, papers to sign-in short, what used formerly to be comprehensibly termed "the portfolio." Whatever his inclination for other occupations. William II. never omits to look over personally every item of affairs, to sign every document, and to issue orders to the

his trips. Dr. Lucanus, the head of his Civil Cabinet, hates the sea, and is never bidden to follow his master. For the same reason Gen. De Willich, the head of his military staff. remains at home. When the Emperor has onscientiously gone through all his work, he goes on deck and assumes the command of the vessel, to his intense enjoyment. The crew is perhaps less joyful, for he is a strict Captain and allows neither error nor negligence to pass unnoticed. This does not prevent him from being worshipped by the crew; every man on board would gladly do his bidding at any personal risk. A great deal of un-necessary noise has been made about certain sermons reported to have been preached on board by the Emperor. Attention was first drawn to them by the fulsome flattery of some obscure reporters, the simple facts of the case being that the regulations of the German navy prescribe that the Sunday service on board every ship should be presided over and the Bible read by the superior officer present. The Emperor, who acrupulously observes all rules, was naturally the one to assume the office, and improved the occasion with a few extempore accessory words, nothing more. His cabin and saloon are very plainly furnished; his tastes are as unpretending as those

His cabin and saloon are very plainly furnished; his tastes are a unpretending as those of his illustrious grandfather, both indulging in personal luxury only in the matter of uniforms, and them even more in number and variety than in freshness.

The sea has no attractions for the Empress, who is no sailor. Sie spends the summer at Potsdam, either in the palace in the town, or, if the weather grows too hot, in one of the residences on the height, merely going for a few weeks with her sons to some quiet watering place on the coast, generally on the island of Rugen on the Baltic. Babelsberg, the lovely and favorite castle of the old Emperor when Prince Royal of Prussia, has been deserted of late years. Wilhelmshoe, near Cassel, where Napoleon I. remained a prisoner during the war, was formerly the abode of the Electors, but has long been the property of the Prussian kings. The little German princes have just spent a month there with their great-aunt, Princess Amelia of Selileswig-Holstein, leaving it for Hamburg to visit the Empress Frederick on their way to England, where their great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, has expressed a wish to receive them. All the Empress's sons receive a nurely military education as soon as they reach the age of ten, and they are thoroughly prepared for it at a much earlier one; the two youngest are still in the nursery under the cars of an experienced English governess; the three elder ones have only men about them, and the Empress sometimes complains of seeing them so little. Notwithstanding his incessant journeys and multifarious occupations, the Emperor contrives to inspect the progress of the small princes, to administer reproof or encouragement, and above all, to impress them forcibly with their duties and responsibilities. He has also succeeded in filling them with an enchusiastic love and admiration for their father.

CANADA DESPONDENT.

M. DE S.

An Englishman's Impressions of the Conditions Beyond the Border.

TORONTO, Sept. 2.-A visit, j st terminated. to some of the principal cities an 'towns this side of the line, has convinced me Canada is the ripe plum ready to fall into the mouth of Uncle Sam directly if he chose to open it," as recently declared by that prince of literary foragers, Rudyard Kipling. Canadians themselves do not deny this when pressed to utter their honest convictions on the subject. The truth may not be palatable to me as an Englishman, but I have no right to consider my feelings while discussing facts. The world is not going very well with Canadians just now. Sunshine seems to have departed and left them in a state of pronounced despondency. Having no sympathetic ear at Westminster, owing to the unnatural. i. c., unfilial, anti-English trade-protection policy, the Dominion Government has forced the country on to its knees, in the attitude of a suppliant for Divine mercy; this, despite all protestations to the contrary. The socalled national policy has turned out to be a glittering sham. It has enriched a few landowners, real estate sharks, boomsters, and railway speculators. It has driven, and driving, thousands of native born Canadians and nearly all incoming strangers to cross the border, for it is

strangers to cross the border, for it is not calculated to help any one to become rich except those who already possess abundance. The poor cannot thrive under it, since it does not foster individual effort and original enterprise, apart from the financially "it."

In consequence, the bulk of Canadians are disatisfied with the results. Their loyalty, if they have any, is not worth a rap. Indeed, Canadian prosperity, is vouched for by a small band of office-holding or wealth-enjoying men, who remind one strongly of the once famous Family Compact party, which tried, but failed, to create an aristocracy in themselves soon after French sway melted out of inglorious, existence before the sturdier character of English colonization.

This vociferous minority will eventually crow its head off endeavoring to make good Queen Victorin have abiding faith in her beloved and beloving Canadas. Her Majesty, however, will be sizeally fooled if she is so persuaded. Sir Charles Tupper could tell her a

however, will be signally looked a saw is so per-suaded. Sir Charles Tupper could tell her a different story. He is now doing his utmost to pry open the leaden bars of the Colonial office, but—well, John Bull was always a stupid, don't you know, and will never believe such and such a thing of Canada, until he sees

to pry open the leaden bars of the Colonial Office, but—well, John Bull was always a stupid, don't you know, and will never believe such and such a thing of Canada, until he sees it, which may be soon.

Meanwhile, ever since Mr. Blaine announced that he was not going to allow "the people of the Dominion to be Canadians and Americans at one and the same time, that "they must either break away from England or continue to endure the evils of a tariff war with the United States." these rooster-voiced lovalists have been literally shricking themsolves hoarse in attempting to get up a big display of public spirit against the States. For they realized all too forcibly that whether Blaine became President or rot, the triumph of republicanism, or at least of McKinlevism, portended disaster to Canada and, of course, to themselves. But public spirit would not be caroled into a lying avowal of non-existing patriotism. The area and depth of Canadian Britishism could be put in a pennut without any squeezing.

I found this out in my travels. A Canadian who does not feel at heart that his country sitesting is inalienably bound up with that of the United States is a proper subject for a dime museum. Neflected by England, which judges Canada in its present, not prospective, capacity as a preductive force; holpiess of itself, even viewed in no less a searchight than its own last census returns, and despited by America for its lack of grit and gonhoaditivoness, chanda may well be despondent. Its cities and towns are not flourishing—far from it. Toronto, beautiful withal, is so poor for want of industries to sustain its exasperated population that its tradesmenties is city of retail shops, preying upon each other and the citizens—are quaking hecause of their insolvent debtors, while the wiser and keeper business men are flocking to New York, Chicago, Buffalo, &c. Its real estate market has gone up higher than a kite; men who were counted as rich a few years since are now gozing at their land possessions with lamenting eyes. The shr

and Stripes displace the Union Jack, and American capital, enterprise, and vigor come to its rescue.

The capitalists of Great Britain are not favorably disposed toward Canada; among other reasons, because, as is well known in English and continental diplomatic circles, the coming field for investment is Morocco, a splendid territory over which France would feign as willy seed, but in which John Bull, you may depend, will plant roses or their equivalent. This land of the fex will be a splendid acquisition; it has a ripening future; and, being in the Mediterranean, right in England's track to India, it is so much nearer than canada between the Atlantic and Tacific oceans.

The Canadians are really beginning to see their proper course is to ally themselves with the United States. In looking to England for commercial aid they have been sighing for sour grapes. In neglecting the United States they have been putting up what Mr. Ensus Wiman apily calls a barbed-wire fence between themselves and their natural friends. They well kick down the fence presently. Just as the fleur de lis was wiped off this continent by a whick of the lion's tail, so will British control of Canadian affairs vanish hereafter. Progress is the law of nations. The twentieth century will witness Canadas absorption into the American commonwealth. At any rate, such is the belief of the many people I interviewed during my journey.

THE CATTLE ON THE CHEROKEE STRIP. The Bight of the Government to Remove

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—The orders issued to Gen. Miles to drive all cattle from the Cherokee Outlot give him a duty with which he is familiar. Seven years ago he had a similar task on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation. It is said that there are now about 100,000 cattle on the Cherokee tract; but the number driven from the Cheyenne reservation during Gen. Atkins's term as Indian Commissioner was reckoned by Capt. Lee, the agent, at 110,000. At that time unusually heavy rains in the Indian Territory had washed away the bridges, and the streams were so high that the herds had to move slowly. The troops, however, were considerate, and the cattle were driven off without resistance.

In the present instance, also, it is not likely that any attempt will be made to resist the execution of the President's Instructions, and Col. Wade has plenty of troops to enforce them. The original proclamation ordering cattle away from the Cherokee Strip was is sued as long ago as Feb. 17, 1890, and gave months of notice, so that intruders are there now at their own risk and under circumstances

calling for no favor.

As to the legal aspect of the matter, there can hardly be a doubt that the removal of the cattlemen and their herds cannot be interfered with. Section 2,147 of the Revised Statutes declares that the Superintendent of Indian Affairs and Indian agents and subagents shall have authority to remove from the Indian country all persons found therein contrary to law, "and the President is authorized to direct the military force to be employed in such removal." The following section imposes a penalty of \$1,000 on any person who returns after such a re-moval. Section 2.149 is to much the same purpose, and there the Indian Commissioner is "authorized and required," with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, " to remove from any tribal reservation any person being therein without authority of law, or whose presence within the limits of the reservation may, in the judgment of the Commissioner, be detrimental to the peace and welfare of the Indians." This latter clause is particularly important, since, even if the claim were made that the cattle owners are not violating the law, it would be enough to show that the Indian Commissioner considers their presence detrimental to the welfare of the Chero-

Indian Commissioner considers their presence detrimental to the welfare of the Cherokees. Section 2.149 proceeds to declare that the Commissioner may employ any necessary force to effect such removals, while section 2.150 expressly authorizes the President in such cases to use the army for arresting and ejecting intruders.

The question may be raised as to the right of the Cherokees to give leases to the cattlemen and to protect them in their possession. But this question has practically been settled in the last two years. Section 2.116 of the Revised Statutes declares that "no purchase, grant, lease, or other conveyance of lands, or of any title or claim thersto, from any Indian nation or tribe of Indians, shall be of any validity in law or equity unless the same be made by treaty or convention entered into pursuant to the Constitution." The Cherokees have always contended that their treaties of 1828, 1833, and 1835 gave them a fee simple in the tract known as the Outlet, and that accordingly it could be lawfully leased under the very exception made in the section of the Revised Statutes just quoted. But it has been held by the United States courts that the Outlet is "not territory for residence but only for passage ground." Indeed, the original treaties inflicate this distinction, since they first grant the Cherokees afxed home, and then add a "guarantee of a perpetual outlet." showing that this addition is for the purpose of exit to the hunting grounds. If the Outlet is not even a tract for leasing to white people, in violation of the general restrictions laid down in the statutes. In a case decided since the proclamation of Feb. 17, 1800, a United States court has gone still further, declaring it to be a question for reference to Congress whether the Cherokee title to the Outlet has not lapsed altogether, through long fallure to use it for its original and only purpose.

It is clear, therefore, that the cattlemen now on the Outlet mast be treated as intruders possessing no rights of possession whatever. It

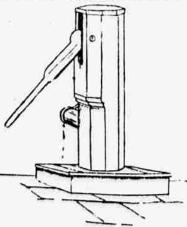
whatever.

There is a special reason for the present action of the troops in the agreement which the Cherokees have at last made with the Government Commissioners for the sale of their rights in the Outlot. Their consent to this sale was long refused because they wanted first a decision of the United States courts as to their title. When this decision came it was so disastrous to their theories that, although they promptly entered an appeal to the Supreme Court, they prudently changed their policy, and consented to sell the Outlet for a price which, all things considered, would be very liberal on the part of the Government. A ratification of this agreement by Congress, il made next winter, would allow the Outlet to be opened to settlement in the spring. It is clear, therefore, that the Government is acting for the best interests of the cattlemen, as well as for its own, in removing the cattle during the present favorable season, instead of waiting until such a removal might entail a heavy loss.

OLD LANDMARKS REMOVED.

Respect for Age Tields to Fear of an Invasion of Cholers.

Three relics of ancient Harlem were ruthlessly destroyed resterday. They were three pumps which had withstood the ravages of time for many years, but fell victims to the fear of cholera and the universal desire to do away with every possible breeder or disseminator of the fatal germs. The best known and most putronized of the numps is the one whose picture is here given. It stood near the southenst corner of 125th street and Fourth avenue



ONE OF THE OLD PUMPS.

and was in active operation until it was housted out of the cool sparkling water by workmen from the Department of Public Works. Gray-haired men stood about and viewed the work of destruction sorrowfully. They remembered the old pump when green fields spread away beyond it to the grassy banks of the Harlem River, and the old pump was the meeting place of many a village beau and bashful maid. During the recent hot weather hundreds, young and old, drank of the cooling waters drawn up from the depths by the time-worn pump, and it would be hard to convince them that the refreshing draught was unhealthy. Even the saloon keeper on the corner had not a word to say against the old pump, although it decimated his profits during the hot wenther. The woodwork about the pump was sodden with water and black from age and decay. The other pumps which were removed were very similar to the one described. They were located one in Lawrence street, in the heart of old Manhattanville, the other in 155th street, near Lenox avenue. They were removed by order of the Board of Health. Gray-haired men stood about and viewed

Killed by Lightning While Praying.

Killed by Lightning While P. aying.

Iron the Ionucle Espier.

Hastings, Ont. Aug. 31.—A sail accident occurred last night about 8 o'clock. Mr. John Kearney, a well-to-do farmer, whose farm is a couple of miles south of this town, in Perry township, was struck by lightning and killed. Mr. Kearney and his family wore kneeling at their evening prayers when the crash came. The electric fluid came in through an open window up stairs, passed down through the fleor, and struck Mr. Kearney, who was kneeling below. The shock extinguished the light, and by the next flash Airs. Kea.ney saw her husband lying dead across the chair at which he was kneeling. The lightning did not leave the slightest mark on its victim.

A CAPE COD FUNERAL, Refore the Service the Coffe Restof Vador a Tree is the Dooryard,

PROVINCETOWN. Sept. 2.-Some customs in Provincetown are as strange and impressive as they are quaint. While strolling along the long main street, that follows the beach under great sand hills, a stranger paused in front o a dwelling. It was a typical Cape house, narrow, one story in height, with steep roofs, its white-painted gable fronting the sea. Its dooryard was a little level plot, with a white-paled fence, and a single silver-leaf poplar in the middle of it. A short, flagged walk led from the street to its front doors. At the foot of the poplar, and about touching the stones of the walk, a black coffin rested on the short-cropped grass. About the silver plate of the lid was a wreath of white flowers, and other floral emblems were on the lid. To the bole of the tree directly above the coffin, was tacked a white placard bearing this printed notice: The funeral of Mr. Chapman will take place at 8 clock this afternoon.

The windows and doors of the dwelling were

closed, and there was no indication of life

about the house. It was a hot, cloudless day. The sunlight pierced between the trembling leaves of the poplar and glinted on the shining coffin lid, and now and then a puff of wind from the sea stirred the petals of the flowers thereon. At a quarter before 3 o'clock the neighbors, garbed in black and with a sober mien and manner, gathered at the house, dropping in without noise or confusion, as country people go to make an ovegling call. The funeral ceremony was performed in the parior of the dwelling, into which room the bier had been removed. The mourners were seated about the coffin, it having been placed on chairs in the middle of the room. The clergyman arose and prayed in a low voice. Then two or three young women sang in subdued tones a well-known hymn. The clergyman delivered a brief discourace, standing at the bead of the coffin. He used no superlative words. He spoke simply and truthfully, as became the burial of a good citizen and neighbor who had been neither a great saint nor a great sinner. So quiet was his speech that his voice scarcely penetrated through the doorway of the dwelling into the street twenty feet away. There was no display of emotion on the part of any one, no pretentious grief; instead, there was the grave, decorous seriousness of the unchanged Puritan nature that sees nothing extraordinary in death, but rather a noble and appropriate consummation of a life that is garnered in its full harvest time.

At the close of the service the undertaker, a tall, spare, grave man in well-worn black broadcloth, whose plumed hearse, with a single horse, was waiting at the door, said quicity; "An opportunity is now offered for ail friends to take a last look at the remains." Then he folded his arms and stepped back from the coffin.

The relatives and friends passed in a slow march about the coffin, and each one gazed for a moment at the peaceful face of the dead. Afterward the undertaker screwed on the lid to the box and looked significantly at the four hears whose wooden rollers creaked a little about the house. It was a hot, cloudless day. The sunlight pierced between the trembling leaves of the poplar and glinted on the shining

TO CITCH A WHALE ALIVE.

A Yankee Whaler Belleves He Can Do It,

PROVINCETOWN, Sept. 1 .- Capt. Amos Chapman has gone to catch a whale for the World's Fair. It is the Captain's business to fish for whales. He is an adept at it, and he catches a large number of them every year. Like most down East Yankees, he is willing to try almost anything feasible, if the fee is large enough so when ne was asked if he supposed he could catch a whale for the Fair, he mused a moment, then promptly answered "Yes."

Half a century ago, perhaps, Provincetown had a fleet of half a hundred whalers. Now not more than half a dozen hall from this port, and Capt. Chapman owns one or two of them. He is cruising in one of them off Cape Hatteras now. In a general way he is flitting for whales for himself; specifically for a whale for the big Chicago show. He intends to catch the show whale alive and put him in a big tank and he undertakes to keep him alive with choice sea food-whale specialties-as long as the leviathan may consent to live in Chicago. Capt. Chapman is a bronzed, stalwart man in the prime of life, and he has the courage of his convictions in fishing and other things. Just before he quit his cottage, facing the sea in this gray old

his cottage, facing the sea in this gray old town, on instrip to the whaling grounds, he took his neighbors that he would get that whale before next winter, probably." He did not bluster about the projected undertaking; he had simply contracted with a customer for a live whale, and he projected to get it. The whole thing amonined to just this: Sometody wanted a whale—it was none of his business what the chaps wanted the whale for—and the Capisin wont off to get it. His ody old schoener sailed away from her Provincetown wharf one ideasant afternoon lately, and reunded the lone lighthouse on Long Point, at the tip end of Cape Cod. Just better she fell away into the hazy, perspective, sunteams breaking through a cloud fell on her sails, and the taplain's friend in Provincetown said confidently. "Capt Amos is goin to get that whale."

When Capt. Chapman's engagement to capture a while was toroached pholicly, a renorter of the Lynni Mass. How spoke to a grizzled old, whale of that town. Capt. L. B. King, about it, and the inter second the lotes that any one could take a while was toroached pholicly, a renorter of the Lynni Mass. How spoke to a grizzled old, whale of that town. Capt. L. B. King, about it, and the inter second the western men lodders up a chane and takes in to the Worlds Fair. Capt. Chapman and takes in to the Worlds Fair. Capt. Chapman and takes in to the Worlds Fair. Capt. Chapman and the lost in the total and the sea of the world in the angent of the sea of the world in the lost noise or the significance thing unused will sead blind down and when he comes up it may be a mile away. To contain a muscal will sead blind down and when he seem while sea of the law and the lost can be laid alongs det fit is kept out of his sight and no noise is made. But this alunces to ne killing of a whale. To take one alive is quite another matter. The whale is such a monster, and has such strong that can be laid alongs det fit is kept out of his sight and no noise is made. But this alunces to he killing of a whale. To

The Meaning of a Prize Name.

From the Daily Oregon Statesman, The preprietors of a new town site at the mouth of the Columbia, on the Oregon side, offered SIOU for the best name for the future great city that is to eclipse Fortland and all other cities on the coast. Two or three hundred names were suggested, out of which the owners finally adopted that of "Termanis." If the word has any meaning at all, it is that of "Thrice-madness," or "Three-times-mad."

A NEW PORT IN THE WILD WEST, And Not at All a Commospines Ecurino Post Ether,

HIS NAME IS OF WARMAN, AND HE IS REPORT OF THE CREEDS CHRONICLE. My Little Love,

My little love, the livelong day, I've waited, tolled, and dreamed, And wondered should I meet you here; And, sweet at times it seemed That all my life's light would go out Into a waste so drear. If, when the shadows fell about, I falled to find you here. Ah, surely there's a lesson to

Be learned in love like this. Naught save the hand of heaven, dear, Could bring such boundless bliss. Not that I leve my Maker leas: His world is made more bright When I can feel your fond carees As we sit here to-night.

Sweet Maria I've a secret in my heart, Sweet Marie, A tale I would impart, love, to thee, Every dalay in the dell Enows my secret—knows it well, And yet I dare not tell, Sweet Marie.

When I held your hand in mine, Sweet Marie, A feeling meet divine comes to me;
All the world is fall of spring,
Full of warblers on the wing,
And I listen while they sing, Sweet Marie. In the morn when I awake, Sweet Marie; ms to me my heart will break, love, for thee, Every wave that shakes the shore

Seems to sing it o'er and e'er; Seems to say that I adore Sweet Marie. When the sunset tinte the west, Sweet Marie, And I sit down to rest, love, with thee; Every star that stude the sky Seems to stand and wonder why

They are dimmer than your eye, Sweet Marie. Not the sun-glints in your bair, Sweet Marie, But your soul so pure and sweet

Makes me falter at your feet, Sweet Marie. I must hush or I shall tell, Sweet Maria, rhape it's just as well, love, for me, For my soul is so distressed Lean your head against my breast; And you can guess the rest, Sweet Marie.

When We Go Of and Die. The road is rough and rocky, The road that leads to fame And the way is strewn with skeletons Of those who have grown lame. And have fallen by the wayside; The world will pass you by. Nor pause to read your manuscript

Till you go off and die. Your friends of course will print your stuff. And tell you it is good, And when you sign it, More Anon, They'll say, I wish you would. They just about appreciate; And yet I know not why. They all forget you want to eat

Till you go off and die. You'll find no shoulders here below To help you bear your cross. You'll have to eat your muston plain, Without your caper sauce; And when you read down to dessers You'll find a dearth of pie; And you'll never know what pudding is Till you go off and die.

But there's a consolation In the thought that when we're dead, If we have written something good Our efforts will be read; And friends will plant forget-me-nota. And come and sit and sigh And irrigate our graves with tears When we go off and die.

Herenft-r. Canst picture, said a friend to me The joy of what is yet to be ! Canst thou describe eternity ! Dost thou believe that when we take That last long sleep a day shall break The dreamless night ! Shall we awake!

Tell me, with reason in thy rhyme, Doet think there'll be no end of time Nor end of bliss in that blest clime? I in not know, for sure, I said; I know not those whose light feet tread You shore; I know the dead are dead.

I've seen the summer birds take wing When winter came, and in the spring Come back again to soar and sing.

I've seen the red rose in the glen Hid 'neath the hoar frost, die, and then In brighter moments bloom again, I've seen the soul, freed from the clay That held it here, reach far away, Take up its harp and start to play.

I've seen a mother die, and she, When came to her what must t Looked laughing toward eternity.

And I can see, while roses b'oom Where roses fade, through life's long gloom. A gleam of hope beyond the omb.

But whatsoe'er the future be. If there's a life for you and me, To last through all eternity. 'Twere well to keep this point in view:

Do unto man your whole life through, As you would have him do to you. And then when you are o'er the range, Where all are good, though many strange, You may not feel too great the change.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: In a recent article in your paper congratulating Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes upon his 83d birthday, I noticed that you spoke of the learned Doctor's evident pleasure in the fact that he was born in the same year as were Charles Darwin. Al fred Tennyson, Lincoln, and Gladstone, namely, 18(2) I wonder if it ever impressed the readers of your valuable paper that this year seemed to be most prolific of great men of any

year almost in the world's history. In addition to the five names mentioned, including Holmes, there were born in that year actually a multitude of individuals who have made an immortal name for themselves as litterateurs or statesmen. It would be impracticable to name them all, but the writer can name over a hundred. Among them the following names will be recognized by all: Edgar Allen Poo. the great American poet Hannibal Hamlin, Folix Mendelssohn, the composer: Kit Carson, frontiersman; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poetess; Albert Pike, poet and Mason; Park Benjamin, poet; Robert Cumming Schenck, Robert Charles Winthrop, Mark Lomon, Robert Shelton Mackenzie, Richard Monkton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Benjamin Pierce, and George Augustus

ton), Benjamin Pierce, and great mass of noted rersonages who can claim 1830 as their birth year, and Dr. Holmes has even further cause to congratulate himself, as they certainly have to congratulate themselves upon their remarkable fellowship with the author of the "Autocra". The writer does not believe a nobler your can be named in the history of the world.

Wesley Lynas. BROOKLYN, Sept. 1.

TO DISOXYGINATE GLASS.

Mr. Johnstone's Scheme to Make Glass To the Epiton of The Sch-Ser Henry Bessemer, by

blowing air through molten cast iron, oxygenated the material until it bardened into steel and made possible the present enormous production of that metal. By a process reversely shalogous I propose the disoxygenation of glass, in order to soften it into toughness and flexibility.

In the officenth century the Venetians made some

little progress in the manipulation of glass, but except-ing the German "east glass" no real progress in this production has been made since the ancient Egyptian production has been made since the ancient Egyptian days, there is a much dense and long'er lactal than from any very however have. It can be put to any of the uses of from excepting electric confinitions. For drain pures or electric all albusys, and especially for water place it would be unequasied. It could be used that the product of the state place it would be unequasied. It is out to be used from the confinition of the best wrongstirent for rieging and features, as, as it between the for it may be the country and the country of the product of the best wrongstirent. There is minimate brilleness in class. You have seen aping glass which can be would on beliefns and woven and octat from the prince of the control of the control of the country of the cutter of the country of the country of the cutter of the country of the cutter of the cutt

PRAISE THE COOK.

An Experience that Taught the Major of

"Now. Major, you must not praise the seek in her hearing." Hrs. Max said. "You will only spoil her or make her demand an increase

Not much," the Major replied emphatically. "I had a little experience in that matter which taught me a lesson. It was before we were married, my dear, and before I resigned. Our regiment was with Gen. Howard, chasing the Nex Perce's Indians across the mountains in Montana and Idaha. One of our Identenants had been stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco, and the mess made arrangements with him to bring a Chiness cook. My, how that cook could cook ! The beggar brought along, in some mysterious manner, the most unexpected things. I remember one day-we'd had a venison roast the day before—that adorable celestial gave us a venison stew with pickled walnuts All the officers in the mess appreciated this, but, bless me ! how they jumped on me when I said to the cook: 'Plenty good stew, Chung. plenty good.' All said I was a fool."

Major! How could they?" said Mrs. Max. "Oh, that's only messroom talk. Everybody calls everybody a fool at a mess dinner. Well. as I was saying, all the boys said Chung would strike for higher wages, get impudent or haughty, and leave if we praised him. Se they laid out a scheme. Whenever he brought in a particularly good dish we were to turn up our noses and make mean remarks. That would keep Chung in a proper and lowly spirit, and generally promote harmony and discipline. The next day he gave us discipline. The next day he gave us some mountain quail roasted in expelopes of bacon; and, really, my dear, I wish your cook could roast a quail like that. The boys all said 'ugh!' or 'pish!' or 'tush!' and the last one threatend to throw the dish away. Chung regarded that with calm exterior, but after dinner he appeared, swaddled in every one of his jackets and bade us good-by. We were nearly frightened to death and asked what alled him.

jackets, and bade us good-by. We were nearly frightened to death and asked what alled him.

"You no like my cooking, me no cook," that heathen answered.

"We assured him we would try and stand it, and he grinned and said we could stand it for just ten 'dolla' more per lunar month. Of course we felt allly, but there was nothing to do but pay it to him. That made \$70 a month. They were the biggest lot of fool officers I ever saw, for they insisted on their scheme. One day Chung brought in a tenderion of mule. "Mule? Major!"

"Yes, we were down in the bad lands then, hundreds of miles from any settlement, and mule was pretty good. You never happened to eat a young mule, I suppose? Of course not. Well, he had seasoned that mule with a kind of little pepper he had found, and it was immense. Then those fool boys went through the same idiotic performance. The last one the dish was passed to turned his nose up to his eyebrows and said. 'Oh, hell.'"

"Major!"

"I was not the man, my dear. Chung had the same in the content of the same in the man, my dear. Chung had the bad all the same the meanding to the and all the same in the man, my dear. Chung had the bad all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the man, my dear. Chung had the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the and all the same in the meanding to the all the same in the meanding to the all the same in the s

"Major!"
I was not the man, my dear. Chung had watched the proceedings to the end, sliently, but when the remark I have quoted was made Chung turned on his heel and he, too, said—"Major?"

Chung turned on his heel and he, too, said—"
"Major?"
"No, not 'Major,' but the word you object
to. After dinner he appeared again all dressed
up in his Sunday clothes and bade us goodby. We remonstrated, but it did not work.
We threatened, and he pretended not to understand. Finally we asked him how much.
"One hundled dolla month," answered
Chung, with never a ghost of a smile.
"We paid it. Since then I've believed a
little praise to the cook, judiclously administered, approaches G in domestic economy."
"I'm sure." Mrs. Max remarked, after a
thoughtful observation of her finger nalla,
which are very pretty, "I'm sure I don't see
why you didn't advertise for another cook."

Inquirer—As I understand it, you American musicians object to the landing of foreign bands and orchestra, because their music comes in comp-titien with yours. American Musician—Yah; das iss recht.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Clearly Put.

Caution Recommended. From LUL He-I have decided to ask your father's consent by tter, Pauline Now what sort of a letter would you dvise me to make it?
She—I think, Horace, that I would make it an anony-

The Chicago Criterion.

From Pack.

Mr. O'Naha—I'm told that Miss Breedsole belongs to an old Chicago family; that her grandfather was one of the earliest pore packers in the city.

Miss Porkington—An old family! Why, Mr. O'Naha, my grandpa packed pork right here in Chicago before here ever saw a bog.

His Trouble Increasing. From Puck.

The Parson's Wife—John, there is a report about the village that the church is going to raise your salary. The Parson—Raise my salary! Well, I hope they'll de nothing of the kini. I have trouble enough to ouliect the small salary they pay me now, and, if I had to celect a larger one, it would set me crazy.

Preferred the Chickens.

From Truth. Judge Durfey-You are charged with stealing chick int; do you want a lawyer. Mose Snuwhall—No, yer bonah, Judge Durfey—Why not! Mose Snuwhall—If it please de Co't, I'd like ter keep em chickens myse'f, atter habbin' all do trubble er litini 'em.

The Cause of IL

From Lift.

"George!" she screamed. "My meck!"
"What's the matter!"
"There's a pillacatter—"
"A what!"
"A tappekiller—"
"What in the world do you mean!"
"Oh, dear," she monued as she clutched him frantially. "A kitterpailer! You know, George! A patteriller!"

"Oh!" said George, with evident relief, and he pro-ceeded to brush the future butterily away.

Only the Man Laughed. From the Detroit Free Press.

They were discussing families, and one was up in which there were several girls. "Where's Allie " asked the lady who had been away

"Where's Allie " asked the lady who had been away for some years.
"She a teaching school."
"And fate."
"Blie s dead."
"And Frances."
"She's in a wore."
"Let's see, there was a Jennie and Harriet, see, weath there." Year. Jennie was the brightest one of the lot, wasn's

" (th, no"-in all serionaness-" that was Harriet; Jennie got married. Jenne got married.

And not one of the half dozen women talking seemed to think there was anything funny in it, when a man over in the corner laughed.

In No Hurry. From the Dar-it Free Press.

The boy was sitting laxly in the stern of a boat dangling his feet in the water, when a man from the deck called sharpy to him:
"What are you doing there!" he said.
"Nothin", responded the boy.
"Do you get any pay for it!"
"Noje," and he drew one foot out of the water ready to run if pred were.

with the dwere.

War don't you go to work !"

Will you give me a job "

Steady !" "Steady?"
"Yes,
"Yes, anything?"
"Well, no," hesitated the man, "not the first week."
"How about the second?"
"Then I will."
"All right, I'll come around the second week. This is good enough sey me now," and the boy stuck the foot back in the water and winked at the man on the dock.

Those Op near Cornets. From the Chicago I ally Inter Ocean.

From the Chicago I alily Islanders.

The summer girl is out with a new wrinkle. It discounts the suspender by about 100 per cent, although the shoulder straps are pressed into service in conjunction with it.

The new idea is nothing more nor less than a pair of corsets worn outside the blouse.

A reporter encountered the new wrinkle yearerday on a bridge train and sustained quite a severe shock. A pretty little girl entered the car, carrying a violin case, she was dressed in cool summer attire, consisting of a plain skirt and a olazer of the same material.

Between the open edges of the blazer front a bit of the same material could be seen, which looked very much like a wide belt. The observer would never have known whether it was beit or what it was had not the fair wearer been heated and removed her biazer, throwing it over her arm in true man fashion.

Then it was seen that the girl had on a pair of corsets outside of her biouse. They were made of the same material as the rest of the costume, of regulation beight, and were separated in front, being luced together with a silken cord.

The removal of the blazer created a sensation in the car. A counde of young men snickered an cherty gentleman, who were man, glanced at the girl over his spectacles, and then turning very red, fixed his eyes on the floor.

A matronly old lady started to speak to the summer gir, but was refrained by her daugh.

and then, turning very red, fixed his eyes on the floor, and the floor. A matronly old lady started to speak to the summer gir., but was refrained by her daughter, who said:

"Ob. no. ma; there's no mistake. She wears them that way purposely.

"Law sakes!" commented the old lady, and looked both puzzled and diegusted.

The strangeness of the centume was increased by having a pair of blue slik suependers, buckles and all, fastened to the top of the corests both front and back. It was question whether the suspenders suscessed the corsets or vice versa.